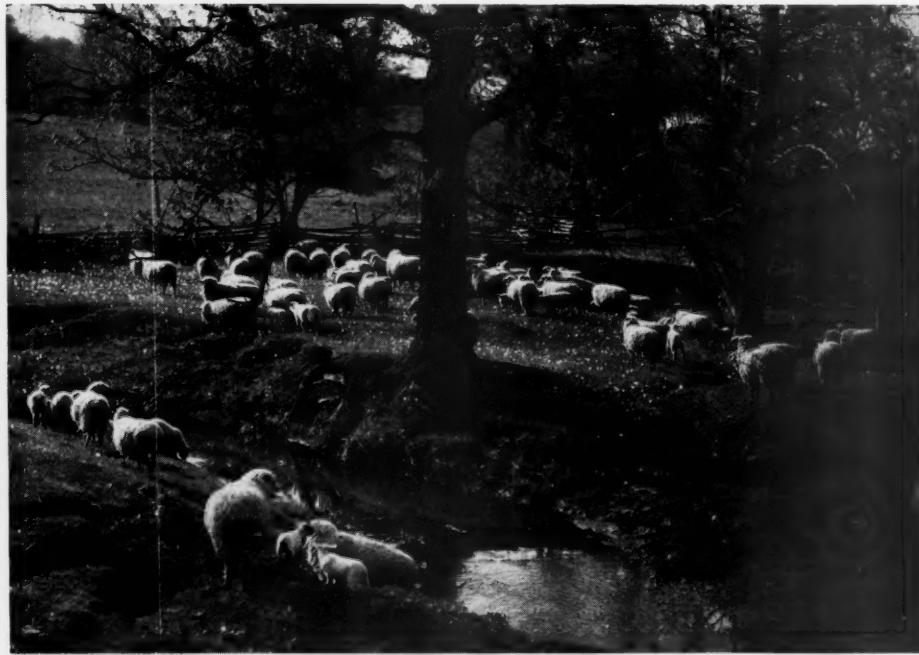


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The American Humane Education Society

The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts

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Vol. 68

April, 1935

No. 4

A Philadelphia judge in fining an auto driver \$12.50 for not stopping to avoid hitting a dog said: "A dog crossing the street at an intersection has the same right to protection as a human pedestrian."

In several sections of Massachusetts vigorous opposition to starting dog racing within their borders is being expressed. Here's our prophecy: This racing business, both horse and dog, will kill itself in a very few years. Its inherent evils will destroy it, working like a fatal infection.

Twenty-five schools in Chicago alone are actively engaged in the Anti-Gun Crusade which is being urged by the Illinois Congress of Parents and Teachers. This is known as Project No. 3 of the National Parent-Teacher Association, a plan started by our American Humane Education Society's representative in the Association, Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols. The great bonfire of toy guns and pistols recently at the Ryerson School was one of its fruits.

Dog Racing in Massachusetts

The moment it was learned that Dog Racing was to be permitted in our State the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals hastened to learn the history of this so-called sport. The material secured from the Far West and other places where such races had been held told, with hardly an exception, so much of the cruelty connected with the races, of the gambling, of the class of people engaged in the business, and of the possibility of deceit and fraud, that immediately the information received was sent to the leading papers of the state and every effort made to let the public know what was probably ahead of us should dog racing become legalized. Had the voters of Massachusetts known all the facts now before them, we are confident we should now be spared the opposition and the bitter controversy that have followed the vote.

Our National Emblem—The Bald Eagle

CAN he be saved from extinction? Are we going to allow the hunters to exterminate him? A most interesting leaflet on this subject can be had by sending a postal to Mrs. C. N. Edge, Chairman of the Emergency Conservation Committee, 734 Lexington Avenue, New York City. Against this royal bird many false and wholly groundless charges have been made as to its habits and the food it demands. The pamphlet referred to says:

It is a bird of temperate latitudes, chiefly confined to the United States proper and the southern parts of Canada and Alaska. The bald eagle lays but two eggs (rarely three), and the time required for incubation and raising the young birds (or bird, for often but one survives) until able to care for themselves, is at least five months. During this long period both the parents and the young are continually in extreme peril from human enemies, and it is not surprising that in these days very few young bald eagles are being successfully raised. Very frequently an attempt of a pair of eagles to nest results in one or both of the parent birds being killed.

The bird or animal that cannot breed is doomed to extinction. Today a far too large proportion of the bald eagles we see are old white-headed individuals, evidently raised many years ago when breeding was not so nearly an impossibility. When these old birds die from accident, disease or old age, or much more likely, from a rifle bullet, there will be none to take their place. Another of our most magnificent birds will be gone.

First and foremost the scandal of the Alaska eagle bounty should be terminated and the eagle given legal protection in that territory. Write to Secretary Henry A. Wallace, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., protesting against the continuance of the Alaska bounty on eagles, which is exterminating our national emblem in the only region where there is any hope of its permanent survival.

A letter from the Department of Agriculture just received states that a bill has been introduced in the House (H. R. 5271) having for its purpose the protection and preservation of the American eagle.

A Rare Bit of Irony

THE following letter appeared one morning last month in the *Boston Herald* apropos of the recent slaughter of 56 deer on the island of Nantucket, most of the deer having been so long protected that they had come to look upon men as friends and not as heartless hunters quick to kill them when the first chance offered:

To the Editor of *The Herald*:

The aspersions cast upon the deer-hunters of Nantucket should be resented by every red-blooded American. What is our country coming to unless our younger generation is given an example of unflinching heroism and dogged endurance by these superb sportsmen? Just as the Battle of Waterloo was won on the cricket fields of Eton, so our enemies in the next war will doubtless be gloriously repulsed by these intrepid and adventurous spirits. Think of the courage and determination required to penetrate the jungles of Nantucket and face the ferocious man-eating buck in his lair!

There is no sport quite so mysterious as this one. To march steadily up to an unsuspecting creature whose luminous eyes and gentle aspect would disarm an African savage; to shoot him down in cold blood; to pose proudly for one's photograph beside the corpus delicti; these are the noble deeds of sportsmanship that stagger the imagination! . . .

LEONARD A. MONZERT
W. Newton, Feb. 12

"The finest and most eloquent tribute paid to Robert Louis Stevenson," says The Animals' Friend, "was that of the Samoan chiefs whom he had befriended while they were in prison. On their release they dug and completed the road that led to his house and named it 'Ala Toto Alofa'—The Road of the Loving Heart."

A Respectful Query

MINNIE LEONA UPTON

According to rule, ere a man drive a car
He has to take lessons, and show he can
do it;
And if he should fail, no regrets will avail—
He'll be one of the first to be likely to
ruin it!

If he cares to be bridge player, cashier, or
clerk,
If he wishes to swim, skate, or e'en hold
a plow,
Or, free from mistake, shake a proper milk-
shake,
He must—or he'll soon be reminded—
know how!

But any male biped with money enough
To pay for a license can painlessly get
it—
A license to aim at all species of game.
If he bags it, hooray! If it crawls away—
let it!

Oh, horror of wounds that leave life in the
flesh
Which throbs with the torture, and yet
cannot die
Until hunger and thirst help that poor life
to burst
From its piteous prison, with quivering
sigh!

If woods and fields still must with terror
be filled,
If we still to the fetich of "hunting" must
bow,
If, their joy's cup to fill, men must still
try to kill,
Is it too much to ask that at least, they
know how?

If he bags it—hooray! If it crawls away—
let it!
Shall the bungler with cash for a license
still get it?



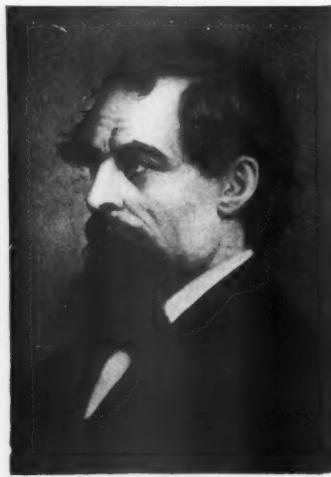
"Never," said my aunt, "be mean in anything; never be false; never be cruel. Avoid these three vices, Trot, and I can always be hopeful of you."

CHARLES DICKENS in "David Copperfield"

Charles Dickens—His Pets and Protectors

ARTHUR HEDLEY

FROM his boyhood, when he was the proud part-owner of a white mouse which lived within the cover of a Latin dictionary, Charles Dickens revealed a great affection for dumb creatures. His favorite pet in later years was a raven, named "Grip," which took up its quarters in the stables, and slept on the back of a horse. It was a most entertaining bird and gave much pleasure to the famous novelist.



CHARLES DICKENS

He was terribly concerned when it was taken ill, and sent off his servant at express speed to get the best veterinary surgeon available. All efforts to save its life were vain and Dickens was sorely grieved. A long letter, which he sent to a friend, describing its end and which was fixed with a big black seal, revealed his deep attachment to Grip.

He loved dogs and they were his constant companions. His domestic pet was a small white shaggy terrier which was given to him by Mr. Mitchell, an American comedian. This terrier bore the imposing name of "Timber Doodle," which, in later years was changed to "Smittle Timbery." Whilst on the Continent, Timber had to have every hair upon his body cut off, because of vermin. "He looks," wrote Dickens, "like the ghost of a drowned dog come out of a pond. It is very awful to see him slide into the room. He knows the change upon him, and is always turning round and round to look at himself. I think he'll die of grief." Three weeks later he joyfully relates that, "Timber's hair is growing again and you can dimly perceive him to be a dog."

When touring Italy he was grieved and angry to find the people of that day were so cruel to dumb animals. "There is probably," he wrote, "no country in the world where they are treated with such frightful cruelty. It is universal!" The Naples correspondent of the London *Times* emphatically confirmed his judgment.

In his walks Dickens was accompanied by several formidable looking dogs. Living near the highway to Rochester, in Kent, which was frequented by undesirable char-

acters, his dogs were his protectors, as well as his companions.

Two of these dogs were great mastiffs. His favorite was "Turk," a noble animal full of affection and intelligence, whose death in a railway accident was a heavy loss to his master. "Linda," a puppy of a great St. Bernard, was a superbly beautiful creature. "Sultan," was an Irish dog, a cross between a St. Bernard and a bloodhound, built and colored like a lioness, and of splendid proportions, but of such indomitably aggressive propensities that after breaking the kennel chain and nearly devouring a child it had to be killed.

Sultan's successor was "Don," a grand Newfoundland dog obtained when young Don and Linda became parents to a couple of Newfoundlands that were still gamboling about their beloved master when they lost him.

One of the pups he named "Bumble," having observed as he described it, "a peculiarly pompous and overbearing manner he had, of appearing to mount guard over the yard when he was an absolute infant." Once, when swimming in the river Medway, Bumble got into difficulties amongst some floating timber and became frightened. Don (the father) quickly perceived something was amiss and went in with a bound and brought him out by the ear. Dickens said, "The scientific way in which he towed him was charming."

The immortal author was intensely interested in the ways of animals and any new trait he discovered gave him immense pleasure. On returning from his American tour he wondered how his dogs would receive him. "The two Newfoundland pups," he said, "came to meet me, with the usual carriage and the usual driver, and beholding me coming in my usual dress out of the usual door, it struck me that their recollection of my having been absent for an unusual time was at once canceled. They behaved exactly in their usual manner, coming behind the basket phaeton as we trotted along, and lifted up their heads to have their ears patted. But when I came into the stable-yard Linda (the St. Bernard) was greatly excited, weeping profusely and throwing herself on her back that she might caress my foot with her great paws."

Dickens was greatly impressed and deeply moved as he watched the sympathy and sagacity of his noble dumb companions. Once, when walking through the snow, his foot, which had previously been frost-bitten, went lame and he had to limp home suffering extreme pain. His two mastiffs, noticing a sudden change in their master, came to a standstill and then crept along with him, never leaving his side. He was greatly touched by this incident and often referred to it. "Turk's look upward to my face was one of sympathy as well as fear," he said, "but Linda was wholly struck down."

The novelist discovered what dog lovers the wide world o'er have found, that when dogs are treated humanely and affectionately they are quick to give unmistakable signs of their affection and sympathy in the hour of need.

Sky Pastures

JUDY VAN DER VEER

*The little colt has died today,
I saw his frightened eyes grow wide
As if he knew that he must leave
The shelter of his mother's side.*

*And when his eyes had dulled at last,
I knew that he had gone so far
That he could chase the running clouds,
And crop the grasses on a star.*

*The old mare nosed him anxiously,
She nickered shrill, she nickered high,
With flying hoofs and wind blown mane
He crossed the pastures of the sky.*

*When the wind is in the south,
And meadow grass is tall and sweet,
I shall think of starry pastures
Trodden by his lonely feet.*

"My Horse Warrior"

■ A review of the book with the above title, by Lord Mottistone (Gen. Jack Seely), published by Hodder & Stoughton, London, the *Christian Science Monitor* says:

The story of Warrior, "the faithful friend, who never failed and never feared," is perhaps the most perfect that has ever been written of a horse.

Some of the tales are familiar, for the fame of Warrior "who was destined to go through ordeals more intense than almost any other horse born at the time," and, by a series of extraordinary happenings, to escape unharmed, has spread far and wide. But in the present volume we are given the whole remarkable history, from the day he was born, 26 years ago, to the present time when, still fit, and well and gay, he canters about the same great green field in the Isle of Wight in which he spent his earliest years.

It was in this field that General Seely first rode him on the memorable occasion when, having bucked him off three times, Warrior finally came to a standstill with distended nostrils; and it was under the ash tree before attempting to mount again, that the General had the long talk with him during which he tried to explain that he loved him because he had loved his mother, and that if he would please not buck him off any more they might be friends for life. "The gentle head was bent down to me as I talked, the nose was rubbed against my cheek, and from that moment to this, 25 years later, we have been constant comrades and friends."

Many times during the four years of war General Seely rode Warrior under shell-fire so heavy that he was almost the only survivor. Yet through it all the horse not only kept his own fear under control, but as the General puts it "helped beyond measure his rider and his friend to do the same." He had one hairbreadth escape after another, yet was never touched.

"I could never have earned the love and affection which was granted to me but for Warrior," writes General Seely. "This handsome, gay, bay thoroughbred, with the white star on his forehead was my passport wherever I went."

A New Deal in Polo

JACK B. CREAMER

POLO, as it is played today, is a colorful and interesting sport. Colorful because it is supported for the most part by the wealthier and horse-loving classes, interesting because it is played by men and with horses of sporting blood. The speed and agility of the ponies, the skill and dexterity with which the players guide their horses and swing their mallets, the pounding beat of hoofs, the roar of the spectators, the swish and click of the mallet meeting the ball, all contribute to the color and excitement of polo.

Unfortunately, though, these pleasanter aspects are so arresting in their glamour, and command so much interest that there is little attention devoted to the less attractive side of polo.

Let us draw a picture. The time is a bright afternoon in June. A polo game is in progress, and players and ponies, sweltering under a torrid sun, gallop up and down the green turf. The gallery and sidelines are packed with smiling people in gay attire. The atmosphere teems with excitement. Suddenly, two players, both wearing the same brightly colored jerseys, come galloping down the side-line. The foremost of the riders takes the ball from where it is resting near the sideboard, dribbles it in toward the center of the field. He has it almost centered when his team mate behind him yells, "Leave it." He obeys. The next instant a glistening white mallet describes a rapid arc through the air, a loud penetrating click is heard. A mighty roar springs from the crowd as the ball speeds toward the goal. Before the roar has died away, it is replaced by excited screaming. In order to keep from riding down his team mate after making the shot, the player was obliged to turn his horse sharply — too sharply, and a pony and rider are down. As both man and horse get to their feet unassisted, the screams cease; but a nervous buzz runs through the crowd when the player tries to walk his horse. The animal doesn't walk naturally. He moves in a disjointed manner. He seems dazed, and his back does not appear straight. Handlers, thinking that the heat has been too much for the pony, run on the field with a bucket of water. They pour the water on the animal's head. He rears up, falls over backward, and lies motionless on the ground. A hum of controversial conversation runs through the audience, but only the veterinary and the others on the field know what has happened.

Of course, the horse is dead. But what killed him the spectators do not know; and after the saddle is removed and the horse is dragged from the field, they make no further effort to find out. Play is resumed, and the game goes on.

We join the small crowd gathered about the body of the horse, to learn that when the sharp turn was executed the horse's back was broken. We look down and we see for ourselves that the horse is dead. Then, we find that it is not a half-bred Argentine or Western bred polo pony that is dead; but a closely-bred, thoroughbred horse, a close relative of one of America's



"RIDING OFF" AN OPPONENT

greatest race-horses. A thoroughbred, fashioned by the creator for less strenuous sport. Not for the rigors of polo.

Admittedly, though, the above incident is not fictitious, it is not the usual thing. Nevertheless, such things do take place; and when they do we are sometimes inclined to ask ourselves, "Is it worth it?"

In the instance cited above, a horse was the victim of circumstance and not intentional cruelty. However, this does not dislodge the fact that there is a considerable amount of willful and unnecessary cruelty rampant in the game of polo. The larger part of the voluntary abuse falls upon the players of inferior ability or the so-called "dubs," who represent a large majority in comparison to the top-ranking players. It is almost invariably evident that an inadequate player will seek to avenge his own poor playing by wreaking undue punishment upon his horse. Watch the novice as he loses in a race for the ball. Chances are he will apply harsh spurs to the side of his horse — that horse which has just, under the circumstances, been doing his level best. See the "dub" as he misses a shot. He stops his horse with a snatch on the reins so that he may get another shot at the ball, instead of riding on and leaving the ball to a team mate, as should be the proper procedure. Look! the beginner swings a wild mallet, and hits the pony's leg or chin; or, being oblivious to the rule which prohibits the hooking of mallets across another's horse, he causes his opponent's mount to trip and fall. Then again, many tyros, one may notice, will illegally cross an opponent's path causing him to pull up his horse unjustly. A foul may be called, of course, and the offender penalized by the loss of a half a point or more; but the more important damage, that done to the horse's mouth, can not be offset by the mere deduction of points. In the matter of willful abuse, the inexperienced player undoubtedly needs more watching than the superior player.

So much for the neophyte, since his guilt is, in a sense, secondary to that of the seasoned player. Let us have a look at the course of events which befall the pony of a polo player. Before the game is so much as started, the pony is fitted with

a double bridle containing a set of bits which would, in many cases, be entirely unnecessary, were the horse to be used for any purpose other than polo. After being a first string polo pony for a time, he will eventually fall to the lower circles of polo where his mouth is likely to receive harsh treatment at the hands of inexperienced players. Thus, his mouth will become hardened beyond repair, and he will probably become known as an "outlaw pony."

The game begins, and the pony is compelled for two separate periods of seven and one-half minutes each to gallop up and down the length and breadth of a field which measures three hundred by one hundred and sixty yards. The field is surrounded by sideboards of sufficient height to trip a horse, and many times during his chukkers the pony is obliged, when his rider does not stop him in time, to ride over these boards. Sometimes without mishap, sometimes with. Often his legs, already weary from the continuous running, twisting, and turning, are struck by a hard willow-wood ball weighing approximately five ounces. At times he will accidentally step on that ball, and twist his leg. When he is galloping at top speed, he may be pulled up more sharply than is comfortable for not only his mouth but his entire body. Without warning he may be sent up the field in a headlong dash with his rider leaning far out of the saddle. Or his rider might have occasion to ride off an opponent, and in doing so there is apt to be contact between the two ponies which will result in leg or other injuries.

Those are some of the things to which a polo pony is subjected. It is not surprising, after reviewing them, to find that a polo pony has unsound legs, a scarred body, or a hard mouth. Or, to discover that he has some habits which, though committed without vicious intent, are hardly conducive to park riding and forms of riding other than polo.

In pondering upon these things, one senses that what makes them more repulsive is that a player is obliged to practise many of these injustices to the horse in order to do justice to the game. He must abide by the aphorism, "Spare the horse, and spoil the game." However, so as not to commit an injustice to certain individuals, I hasten to add that there are some players who represent an exception to this rule. It is reasonable to suspect that many players are conscious of the cruelties they effect, but must stifle their consciences so that they may give their unprecedented support to their team mates and to the game itself. But then, this offers no solution, only a slightly acceptable excuse.

Granted that the arguments which have been raised do reek strongly of futility. One shrugs one's shoulders, and says, "All you say is true, but what's to be done about it? Polo is a game which is centuries old. It is well established as a national sport. To modify it would lessen its interest and detract from its effect. There is evidently little we can do."

Well, I should like to qualify the last statement. "There are evidently *some* things we can do." Perhaps we can not achieve a complete New Deal, but some things are feasible. I refuse to admit plenary defeat. There are some reforms which

might be effected that would at least tend to bring about more consonant conditions between polo and humane standards.

It seems that the more advanced reforms could be accomplished among the novices. They should, when being taught the fundamentals of the game, be taught the basic principles of good sportsmanship and the humane treatment of dumb animals. The rules which are maintained to prevent accidents and undue abuse should be strongly emphasized. In their inexperience, they should be advised to consider the horse before the game. That is, to bungle or even pass up a shot entirely if it is apt to result in any injury to the pony. Thus, as they become more seasoned, they will have learned to play efficient polo as well as to inflict a minimum of hardships on their mounts. The future generation of polo players should be better off for such policy.

Moreover, the societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals ought to maintain more rigid standards regarding polo. Agents of the societies should be present at all games, whether they be international, East-West, club, or college games. The flagrantly guilty should be prosecuted, and mild offenders warned and advised. Enlightening and advisory literature might also be distributed to make for a wider knowledge of the existing conditions and a better understanding of what should be done.

Still another needed reform is possible. Many players of the lower circles who can not afford to keep a full string of ponies are guilty of using a pony for more than two periods of one game. Needless to say, this over-taxes the stamina of the average pony. In addition to this, a tired pony will invariably "lay on the bit" and will soon become a "puller" or a hard-mouthed horse. This obvious and unnecessary abuse could be easily obliterated with a good amount of pressure from the societies.

In the higher circles of polo infinite care is taken in the selection and breeding of horses for polo. But among groups of lesser eminence unsound judgment is often exercised. In many cases the in-bred thoroughbred is being used, rather than a horse which is bred especially for polo. That this type of thoroughbred is not suitable for polo is an irrefragable fact. Being bred closely after racing lines, he is not equipped with the necessary ruggedness that polo demands. Some stables which are breeding horses of this type are, and have been selling them for polo purposes. The horse concerned in the incident recounted above in the third paragraph was the victim of just such a practice.

Since no authority exists which gives power to prevent such procedure, the most that the societies can do is to advise against, and unofficially attempt to prevent it. This much can and, certainly, should be done.

*The heart is hard in nature and unfit
For human fellowship, as being void
Of sympathy, and therefore dead alike
To love and friendship both, that is not
pleased*

*With sight of animals enjoying life,
Nor feels their happiness augment his own.*

COWPER



"Wolf"

WOLF von Ever Faithful" was a handsome, thoroughbred, German shepherd dog whose death occurred last month at the home of Mr. Seymour Carroll in Columbia, S. C. His owner Mrs. Woodworth of "Oak Crest," Jacksonville, Fla., had committed him to Mr. Carroll's care some few months previously. "Wolf's" pedigree was traceable through distinguished forbears registered for four generations in the American Kennel Club. One of Wolf's many adventures attracted much attention in the press at the time it occurred. From a kennel in Rensselaer, N. Y., where he had been placed temporarily, he slipped his leash and made a dash for liberty and home across the Hudson River in Albany. His effort was a near-tragedy; he was pulled ashore by a river boatman and taken to the police station. Revived from exhaustion and excitement after a night in jail "Wolf" was restored to his own home and friends.

Sacred Cats

In the middle of the sixth century of the Christian era, according to a Japanese writer, sacrifices were made to the domestic cat as the "guardian of the manuscripts."

All of the learning of the time was recorded on long rolls of papyrus, and cats were used to keep away the mice who would have eaten the precious documents. In some instances, it is recorded, placards were placed in conspicuous places among the papyrus manuscripts as a warning to the invading mice. "Beware! A cat is here"; the placards read. "She drives mice." Life-sized portraits of cats were also kept in places frequented by mice.

Because of their usefulness in preserving the sacred papers, it was only natural that the cat should soon come to be revered, and for a long time they were kept only in temples. But their attractiveness, their grace, and devotion to mankind soon made them the pet of the nobility, and from there they won their way into humbler households.

For a Little Blind Dog

GWENNIE JAMES

Often I watch them pass
On the city street:
A man, and a little blind dog
With stumbling feet.

He strains at his master's leash
As eager and bright
As he did in those simpler days
When there was light.

But there is no light. There are sounds
That come unawares,
And obstacles unforeseen,
And sudden stairs.

But he trots at his master's side
As patiently
As in other, happier days
When dogs could see.

Oh God, I have naught to compare
With this distress:
Let me learn from a little blind dog
Submissiveness.

Dogs in History

EMORY WARD

FROM the early dawn of history when prehistoric man first showered his affection upon the ancestors of the modern dog, the animal has always found fondness in the hearts of men in all nations. Herodotus, the famous historian, explains the sanctity with which the dog was held by the early Egyptians when he tells in his ancient accounts that the people of every Egyptian family in which a dog had died shaved themselves as an expression of mourning for their departed animal friend.

The annual floods of the Nile River were preceded by the appearance of the star, Sirius, in the heavens, and when the star was first seen each year, the Egyptian farmers moved their flocks to the safety of higher ground. Calling it their guard and protector, the ancient Egyptians associated it with the watchfulness and guardianship of the dog, and as a result they worshipped the star and called it the dog-star—the guardian.

In the early history of Ethiopia, the inhabitants elected a dog as their king and worshiped it with all the dignity and pomp of a royal office-holder. When it fawned, the dog was said to be satisfied with the affairs of state, but when it growled, it was supposedly displeased with the manner in which the government was being run, and amends were made immediately to correct the misdeeds and regain the good favor of the royal beast.

In the founding of his new sect, Pythagoras believed that after life was ended, the soul passed on to other animals, and after the death of any of his followers, he held a dog close to the mouth of the dead man so that it might catch the departing spirit. "There is no animal in all creation," the philosopher declared, "that could perpetuate man's virtues better."

Whosoever loveth me loveth my hound.

SIR THOMAS MORE

IN the park of an old castle in Rome, the cats which formerly lived in the Forum now live in contentment as a result of Mussolini's edict. Recently Mussolini ordered all the cats in the Forum to be rounded up and destroyed. When the news of this order leaked out there was such a hue and cry raised that even the Duce himself found it impossible to have his orders carried out. As a result, the order to destroy all the cats was modified to an order to find other quarters for the cats. In the center of the city of Rome there was found the ruins of an old castle standing in a beautiful park. This, then, is the haven for the cats and here is located what is, perhaps, the only cat paradise in the world. Every day men, women, boys and girls bring tidbits to their particular cats who dwell here unmolested.

A Paradise for Cats



Publishers' Photo Service, Inc.

Orphans of the Street

R. P. GRUBER

AFTER reading newspaper articles about the wonderful work carried on by Irene Castle, I was always filled with a longing to do something for unfortunate animals. But, I lacked money; I was only a housewife with a limited budget and my friends were of my kind.

What could I do? A big elaborate animal home was out of the question. Then, one cold winter day, my desires were answered. I picked up a dirty little white puppy. He was so weak that his hind legs collapsed as he tried to walk. He was an ugly little fellow, with a bull-dog nose and chest.

A week's good food and undisturbed sleep beside the furnace found him ready for a hot soap-suds bath, and another week found him out in the yard ready for a romp with my fox terrier. Two months later he was a plump rollicking fellow without a care in the world. Kindness and a bit of teaching brought out a friendliness and loveliness that won him a home with an elderly couple. He has been with them two years now and fills the niche in their lives left open by the growing up of their children.

Then, pleased with my good deed, I again brought home a little dog waif of the streets. I always make sure that the dog is not someone's pet. I can usually learn something about the dog in question

from the neighbors. My inquiries are usually answered like this: "No, lady, he ain't ours, his owner moved away and left him," or "No, lady, he don't belong to anyone, a man shoved him out of a machine last week."

Out of twenty homeless dogs, I have had only three that had to be put to sleep. The other seventeen are in good homes. I never have more than three dogs here at a time and my expenses are more than taken care of by the freewill offering of the happy new owners of my "orphans." Surprising as it may seem, people who can afford a pedigree dog often prefer my waifs. Today, I have one doggie guest and a waiting list of homes.

My friends save choice bones and table scraps and our butcher, a proud owner of a shaggy-haired brown-eyed waif is only too glad to save the meat scraps for my dogs. A veterinarian, a true lover of dumb animals, gives his advice and treatment gratis to the dogs.

The only trouble with my hobby is this — I often become too attached to some little fellow. But to date, my common sense has demanded that I find the dogs a home and keep none other than my fox terrier.

Our readers are urged to clip from "Our Dumb Animals" various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be made good by us upon application.

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston Office: 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., to which all communications should be addressed.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

APRIL, 1935

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 800 words, nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. All manuscripts should be typewritten and an *addressed envelope* with *full return postage* enclosed with each offering.

Encouraging with Regard to the Oil Pollution of Our Coastal Waters

AMONG those with whom we have had correspondence relative to the pollution of coastal waters through the discharge of oil from ships using oil is Mr. Robert F. Hand, vice-president of the Standard Shipping Company, New York. Mr. Hand sends us a chart compiled by the United States Coast Guard from their surveys made in 1923 and 1934. "These surveys," he says, "were along the coast of New Jersey which has always been considered the worst in the United States." At 39 places along this stretch of coast careful examination was made and a great improvement seems to have been brought about so that the oil pollution is no longer the serious problem in this locality that it was.

For example, starting near Sandy Hook the record reads, "1923, beach practically oil coated; 1934, no oil pollution during past year." Some miles farther down, "1923, bathing spoiled, fishing ruined; 1934, condition greatly improved during recent years." Still farther down, "1923, bad, prevents bathing, spoils clothes; 1934, improvement very noticeable." Passing on downward we have such reports as: "1923, bad, prevents bathing, ducks covered with oil; 1934, greatly improved. 1923, bad, prevents bathing; 1934, practically no pollution. 1923, harmful to bathing and fishing; 1934, pollution seldom seen. 1923, slight, fishing not affected; 1934, only one time in five years has oil pollution been seen. 1923, bad, prevents bathing, ruins clothes; 1934, oil pollution conditions improved little, if any." Opposite Ocean City, "1923, bad, prevents bathing, yachtsmen complain; 1934, oil has gradually decreased. 1923, bad, prevents bathing, ruins household furnishings; 1934, oil pollution has increased, may be due to mosquito extermination. 1923, bad, waterfowl covered with oil, harmful to bathing; 1934, not nearly so much oil on beaches as in former years. 1923, bad, harmful to bathing; 1934, cannot see any improvement, impossible to walk on beach without stepping into oil."

Down at May Point, "1923, oil pollution present since 1918, harmful to bathing, wild fowl covered with oil; 1934, conditions have greatly improved during past two years."

On the whole this is an encouraging report, there being a very large decrease in the oil pollution seen along this formerly badly polluted coast.

Mr. Hand says, "I believe the improvement in conditions is due to the co-operation which the owners of ocean-going vessels are giving and to definite instructions being issued to their Masters to refrain from pumping oil-contaminated water overboard within 50 miles of our coasts. However, although conditions have materially improved, I am still strongly in favor of the ratification of the terms of the 1926 International Conference, which Conference the three nations, Italy, Germany and Japan, refused to ratify. It is my feeling that if any action is to be taken it should be towards bringing pressure to bear upon the nations concerned with a view to having them ratify the terms of the International Conference as soon as possible."

Let us hope that now the matter has been presented to the League of Nations an effort will be made to secure the proper action by these three nations mentioned above.

The Frozen Lambs

From the reply to our letter to the United States Department of Agriculture concerning the 1,400 lambs frozen to death in transit from Texas to St. Louis we quote the following:

"We are very much in sympathy with the effort of organizations such as yours to prevent undue suffering of animals in transit but regret that there seems to be no legal action that we can take in such cases. The Department has, however, in instances similar to the one reported, communicated informally with officials of the railroads carrying the animals, calling attention to such conditions.

"We are asking the chief of our Bureau of Animal Industry to communicate to you any further facts of interest that may be developed through the inquiries of its inspector in charge at National Stockyards, Illinois.

Very truly yours,
(Signed) J. D. LECRON
Assistant to the Secretary

Some one was responsible. Was it the shipper, the railroad or the one to whom the lambs were consigned? The bitter weather of this winter has taken frightful toll of cattle in certain western states. The *Labor Journal*, Houston, Texas, reports L. B. Sherril, livestock inspector, as estimating in one single locality 20,000 to 25,000 frozen to death. Between the weather and the Government's killing of livestock, no wonder meat prices soar.

The great auk is now extinct. The last specimen was shot in Ireland in 1844. Six auk eggs were sold some time ago for \$6,675. There are only 72 known to be in existence.

Protection for the Hawks

LAST summer there was established on the Kittatinny Ridge, a spur of the Appalachian system, in Pennsylvania, the "Hawk Mountain Wild Life Sanctuary." Every fall many species of birds of prey including great numbers of hawks follow this mountain ridge in their migration to the southern feeding-grounds. This well marked route is the "hawks' highway." Many thousands of birds sail along easily on favoring air currents and present a fine opportunity to observe and identify them at comparatively close range.

For the past dozen years hunters have been permitted to gather on the promontories along the crest of the ridge, according to the superintendent of the new Sanctuary, and use the passing birds for their target. A hundred and fifty to two hundred gunners on a single day have been known to be on hand to pour shot indiscriminately into these birds of passage and, so great has been the slaughter that from three to five thousand hawks are estimated to have fallen victims each season while running the gauntlet of the ruthless human killers. The hunters themselves state that less than a quarter of the number of hawks fly over the ridge now than did ten years ago.

The Sanctuary was a wise and strategic move. The area under control comprises over two square miles, the credit of acquiring which belongs to Mrs. C. N. Edge of the Emergency Conservation Committee of New York. It has effectively checked the annual horde of hawk-hunters and arrested the orgies of wholesale murder of valuable species.

Few, if any, birds have been more misunderstood and maligned than the hawks. The harmful habits of only two or three species have too long kept the whole family in disrepute. They are birds of prey to be sure, but their prey chiefly consists of destructive rodents, rats, mice, gophers, grasshoppers and insects, and other numerous enemies with which the farmers have to contend.

Thousands of caged birds have been set free at Istanbul (Constantinople) following a police raid on a local bird market.

When the market opened, a dozen policemen appeared without warning and began smashing the cages, liberating thousands of valuable birds. In half-an-hour not a bird remained, and many of the fanciers were ruined.

It is understood that complaints regarding the treatment of these birds had been made to the authorities.

—The Morning Post, London

Retired Workers' Fund

We are receiving gifts to the American Humane Education Society as a trust fund, the interest to be used for the benefit of field missionaries and others who have spent their lives in promoting humane education.

We will welcome your gift. Please make checks payable to Treasurer, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, marked for Trust Fund.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President

ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer

GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary

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MONTHLY REPORT OF SOCIETY AND BRANCHES

Miles traveled by humane officers	11,930
Cases investigated	364
Animals examined	3,515
Animals placed in homes	107
Lost animals restored to owners	58
Number of prosecutions	2
Number of convictions	1
Horses taken from work	9
Horses humanely put to sleep	25
Small animals humanely put to sleep	1,062

Stock-yards and Abattoirs

Animals inspected	69,421
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep	62

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been remembered in the will of Isabella H. Ellison of Lunenburg.

March 12, 1935.

In Northern and Western Alaska there are 400,000 square miles capable of furnishing pasturage for 10,000,000 reindeer.

ANGELL MEMORIAL ANIMAL HOSPITAL
and Dispensary for Animals

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Longwood 6100

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G. B. SCHNELLE, V.M.D.
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Springfield Branch

53-57 Bliss Street, Springfield, Mass.

THEODORE W. PEARSON, General Manager

Veterinarians

A. R. EVANS, V.M.D.
H. L. SMEAD, D.V.M.

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR FEBRUARY
Including Springfield Branch

Hospital	Dispensary
Cases entered	633
Dogs	471
Cats	150
Horses	8
Birds	4
Operations	825
Cases	1,762
Dogs	1,404
Cats	338
Birds	16
Horses	2
Rats	2

Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, 1915	127,069
Dispensary Cases	299,671
Total	426,740

The Month in the Springfield Branch

Cases entered in Hospital	86
Cases entered in Dispensary	333
Operations	161

TAUNTON BRANCH OF MASS. S.P.C.A.

For the two months ending January 31, 1935, Mrs. Howard F. Woodward, president, reports these activities at the Taunton Branch of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. Homes found for dogs, 12; dogs returned to owners, 14; cat returned to owner, 1; dogs humanely destroyed, 35; cats humanely destroyed, 45. In addition Dr. O'Brien privately destroyed 16 dogs and 11 cats.

Another Hero Dog

For saving the lives of his three boy companions overcome by asphyxiation, "Sport," a dog in Champaign, Illinois, was recently presented a collar, fittingly inscribed with the fact, by the Champaign Humane Society. Sport sensed the danger to the boys in their gas-filled room and brought their father quickly to their rescue. The inhalator crew of the fire department promptly responded and revived the boys, one of whom rescued Sport himself from a garbage can some eight years ago.

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, having been informed of Sport's timely and intelligent act, sent him the collar as a deserved recognition. In the presence of a public assemblage of his many friends Sport received his honor at the hands of the fire chief.

With Our Auxiliaries

At the February meeting of the Women's Auxiliary of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., held at the Hotel Lenox, February 26, Dr. E. F. Schroeder of the veterinary staff of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital gave a very interesting illustrated talk on fractures and dislocations of the dog and cat. The March meeting, held at the home of Mrs. John A. Dykeman, Commonwealth Ave., Brighton, was featured by a bridge and tea under the chairmanship of Mrs. Harry Cole.

Mrs. Edith Washburn Clarke, president of the Auxiliary, was the guest speaker at the February meeting of the Springfield Branch Auxiliary. At the March meeting, held at the Branch Hospital on Bliss street, Treasurer Albert A. Pollard of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. gave an address on practical problems confronting the Society today. Mrs. Donald C. Kibbe, president of the Springfield Auxiliary, broadcast from Boston over station WAAB on March 9.

At the meeting of the Winchester Branch Auxiliary, held at the home of the president, Mrs. Richard S. Taylor, March 14, Secretary Guy Richardson was among the guests and speakers.

Book Free to Societies

A NEW edition of "Selections from Three Essays by Richard Wagner with Comment on a Subject of Such Importance to the Moral Progress of Humanity That It Constitutes an Issue in Ethics and Religion," by Mrs. M. R. L. Freshel, founder and president of the Millennium Guild, Inc., has just come from the press. This volume, while dealing primarily with specific cruelty to animals yet contains so much material on the broader aspects of humane education that a copy should be in every library, particularly in those used by humane workers. It is full of authoritative statements from prominent persons of all walks in life, and has been widely used by ministers, radio speakers and others in preparing humane talks. Readers of *Our Dumb Animals* will be especially pleased to learn that this new edition is "Dedicated to Dr. Francis H. Rowley, eminent in that service to humanity which recognizes Justice as the true expression of Kindness." There are 184 pages of large size, in attractive typography, the binding being in orchid linen. It is the purpose of the publishers to distribute copies free to every humane Society, and any S. P. C. A. or animal protection organization that has not yet received one should write at once to Mrs. M. R. L. Freshel, 116 East 56th Street, New York City, asking that a copy be sent without obligation.

More friends are needed to endow stalls and new kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. Payments of thirty-five dollars for a stall or seventy-five dollars for a stall will insure a suitable marker inscribed with donor's name. Terms of permanent endowment of free stalls and kennels will be given upon application to the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell

Incorporated 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to Treasurer.

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180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.
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180 Longwood Ave., Boston

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Field Representative

Wm. F. H. Wentzel, M.S., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Field Lecturer in Massachusetts
Ella A. Maryott

SUMMARY OF ACTIVITIES OF FIELD WORKERS FOR FEBRUARY, 1935

Number of Bands of Mercy formed, 493
Number of addresses made, 329
Number of persons in audiences, 60,727

Societies' Annuity Bonds

THE Annuity Bonds of our two Societies are absolutely safe and yield a return according to one's age. They make their appeal ordinarily to people over 40 years of age. Send the coupon for a free folder which gives full details. Fill it in and mail it now. The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. (or) The American Humane Education Society 180 Longwood Ave., Boston, Mass.

Without obligation to me, please send me the folder about your Annuity Bonds.

Name
Age
Address

American Fondouk, Fez

Report for January, 1935—31 Days		
Daily average large animals	44.7	
Forage for same		\$ 46.58
Daily average dogs	9.7	
Forage for some		10.01
Put to sleep	14	19.46
Transportation		7.70
Wages, grooms, etc.		96.48
Resident Secretary's salary		133.07
Superintendent's salary		83.17
Veterinary's salary		29.94
Sundries		42.80
		\$469.21

Entries: 11 horses, 15 mules, 43 donkeys.

Exits: 6 horses, 16 mules, 33 donkeys.

SUPERINTENDENT'S NOTES: Monthly report on the 70 native fondouks and the Souk el Khemis: Kilometers traveled, 168; cases investigated, 412; animals seen, 5,460; animals treated, 1,307; animals transferred, 42.

Selected Items from the Day-book of Dr. Mellersh, Secretary General of the Fez Fondouk.

Friday, 11th.

While going to the Fondouk this morning through the Bou Djeloud Gardens, near the lake, I saw a mule, some distance away, carrying a load of straw. It was overloaded and very lame, and was evidently an old mule that could hardly get along without even carrying a load. I had the straw removed and placed on the side of the road. I telephoned to the Fondouk, when Delon sent me a stableman to take it to the Fondouk.

When our veterinary surgeon, Mr. Grimpre, saw the animal he said that the kindest thing to do was to have it painlessly put to sleep.

Monday, 14th.

Did a number of errands in early A. M. and then made inspection of the Mellah district, and collected a few sticks with nails used as prods.

Wednesday, 16th.

Visited Jewish quarter this morning (the Mellah) and found most of the animals in better condition than in the Medina. Held up only one man with needle.

Delon saw some bad cases which might have been taken to the Fondouk, but could not do so as we are up to the number of forty-five animals. Until about the end of April we should not be obliged to make our daily numbers any less than 70, but of course the expense is too great.

Sunday, 20th.

On the way to the Fondouk this morning, just after passing Bab el Hadjed, I met a man with a lame donkey and I took it to the Fondouk. (No. 154)

Thursday, 24th.

I brought in a donkey today from the Talaa, it was much overloaded—carrying tiles. I saw it fall on its knees, and on inspection found them bleeding. After removing half the load I found the animal was unable to move, so I took it to the Fondouk. The proprietor came in and thanked me as he did not wish the boy to overload the donkey.

We have had this week some animals sent by the police, who also asked us to destroy a mule, and again a donkey at Bab Ftouh, which Delon attended to.

Mrs. Mellersh, while out shopping, found

a donkey very lame and weak, being beaten on the head by an Arab. She ordered him to take it to the Fondouk, and when he refused she appealed to the policeman at the Gate.

The policeman told my wife that he knew me as connected with the Fondouk, and ordered the Arab to obey, and take the animal to us, or he would take him in charge.

The Need of the Fondouk

With the new addition our Fondouk now could be caring for from 80 to 100 animals. The hard times have compelled us to limit the number to around 40. A sadly depreciated dollar and the reduced income of our friends have forced us to keep within our means. If any reader of these words can possibly help us just now in bringing relief to the suffering mules, horses and donkeys of Fez, Heaven, we are sure, will in some way recognize the kindness which these speechless creatures can never repay in words.

Please Pass on Your Copy

From Mrs. J. Clifford Jones, vice-president of the Women's Pennsylvania S. P. C. A., Philadelphia, we have received a request to ask our subscribers to be kind enough to give their copies of *Our Dumb Animals* (after reading same) to their local S. P. C. A. for public schools and settlement house centers.

"The members of our executive committee are bringing their copies to the office and we are distributing them through our Band of Mercy teachers, and in this way not only your magazine is becoming better known but the wonderful work that is being done is brought to the children's attention. Therefore through this medium not only kindness to animals is taught, but also love and courtesy to their companions and older folks."

Sportsmen Call It Fun

MINA M. TITUS

*In icy waters of the marsh
With vain attempts to rise,
A wild goose flutters helplessly
And utters piercing cries.*

*He feels the darting sting of pain
From broken wing that bleeds
And useless drags—a swollen weight
To catch in grass and reeds.*

*The anguish in that wild, gray breast
Looks out from pleading eyes
As faint far-distant "honks" come back
Through empty, darkening skies.*

*Whence, heading South that dim, black V,
Some other at its head,
Wings safely on through unmapped space
Where he but now had led.*

*A pain-racked bunch of feathers gray
He's left to starve and freeze—
A bleeding, swollen, anguished mass,
Some hunter's whim to please.*

Chicago School Children Burn Warlike Toys

OF this event, Mrs. W. F. Krahl, our Humane Education representative in the Parent-Teacher Association work in Illinois, says:

"The value of this crusade in the lives of these children cannot be estimated. Has not the time come to stop encouraging children to play at murder? Most alarming is the complacency with which many parents and teachers view the increasing use of toy firearms. It is making mock gangsters of the nation's children. It is putting the stamp of approval on this sort of thing. Says the *Christian Science Monitor*: 'As a nation, we become indignant at munitions manufacturers and would halt the shipment of armaments in other parts of the world. Let us also become indignant at the shipment of toy armaments to the children of the nation. Let our arms embargoes begin at home.'"

(The photograph is used by special permission of the *Chicago Daily News*).



THE 2,000 CHILDREN OF THE RYERSON ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, CHICAGO, ON THEIR WAY TO THE BIG BONFIRE WHERE VOLUNTARILY THEY BURNED THEIR TOY GUNS AND PISTOLS

WE are glad to be living in these days when the world needs growing minds to meet changing times. Hard days, our parents say. And so does everybody else. When we ask what the cause, they give us various reasons for the universal breakdown. Some say the collapse of the money market, whatever that means, some tell us it was high finance, while others claim that it's the machine age running too high. But the wisest heads we know declare with earnest conviction that it was the World War. That, they say, caused this depression and nothing else. It was that horrible slaughter that bled every nation of its man-power and wealth. War unsettled all standards. It deluged the world in crime. It produced a world as mad as the mad hatter.

This opinion sounds reasonable to us, but, of course, we wouldn't take any man's say-so. Not us! We belong to the young generation. And we believe little that we can not prove. On general principles, we refuse to be hoodwinked. Consequently, we have been thinking, too. When cheap patriotism shouts about the glory of war, we, remembering the recent investigation reports on the methods of the millionaire munition makers, ask, "Glory for whom?"

For the fellows who died in the trenches? For those who got gassed? For those who lost their legs and arms? For those who are in war hospitals for the rest of their

Youth Speaks—a Manifesto

HARRIET SMITH HAWLEY

lives? For the parents who lost their sons? For the cities that were bombed? For the peaceful towns that were devastated? For the children who were orphaned? For the people everywhere who will be paying the war debts for the next hundred years and more?

Great glory, isn't it?

And what did the nations get out of it? Anything to pay for what they went through? Well, up to date, they have got nothing but death, distrust, bankruptcy, and a universal hate that will bring, unless we get busy and do something, another world war. Sensible, isn't it? Sounds insane to us.

To be sure, they say, these old 'uns, who think they know everything, that war can't be stopped. Now, we should like to ask, "Why can't it?" The nations have outlawed dueling, witch-hanging and slave-holding. Why not war?

Some say they are working for peace. But with building battleships, with increasing aircraft, with experimenting on deadlier gasses, it looks like it, doesn't it? About as common-sense a performance as to give every youngster a revolver and smilingly instruct him not to shoot it off.

But one thing they haven't fully calculated on and that is — who is going to fight in these wars? The college fellows by recent ballot say they are not going to. And the mothers say they are through raising boys to rot in trenches.

Well, we may be young, but we know that nations can stop war if they wish to. That governments can find another way of settling national disputes besides slaughtering millions of young men and maiming for life millions more. We believe that what men strive for, they obtain.

Intelligence is what we need. Not bunkum! Not political haranguing! Not talking peace and preparing for war. We wish and are determined to have a new code for cannon fodder, and that's us!

And we give the world warning this day that:

1. Because war destroys life,
2. Because it never ceases to demand payment,
3. Because it wrecks civilization,
4. Because it breeds crime and disease,
5. Because it promotes hate,
6. Because it never settles anything,

we, the youth of America, pledge ourselves to think peace, talk peace, and work for peace. We are out to annihilate war.

He that followeth after righteousness and mercy, findeth life, righteousness and honor.

Proverbs 21; 21

Birds Beyond Price

ALAN DEVOE

ARE you one of those people who consider bird-lovers silly sentimentalists? Have you perhaps listened without much serious attention to those statements, which we all hear from time to time, about the economic value of our native birds? Suppose you are a farmer, and suppose that you *have*—in greater or less degree—been inclined to pooh-pooh birds as merely pretty incidentals in the summer scene. Here are a few facts for you.

Imagine that you have been given a quart-measure, and that you have been ordered to fill it to the brim with harmful insects from your plants and trees. Perhaps this sounds like a large order. It is. It is a colossal order, a practically impossible task, for the number of average insects necessary to fill a quart-measure is approximately 3,750. You have probably often seen chickadees on your farm—those tiny black-capped birds that are even smaller than a sparrow. What about them? Just this: one solitary chickadee is capable of destroying more than *four thousand* insect and worm eggs between sunrise and sunset of a single day. Does this sound like a fantastic exaggeration? It is, on the contrary, a conservative estimate.

If, like most of us, you are afflicted now and then with plagues of tent-caterpillars, you have probably spent laborious hours burning the nests with flares and you know what a task it is. Consider then the cuckoo, and look upon him with a grateful eye. How many tent-caterpillars do you suppose constitute a daily ration for a cuckoo? Five? Twelve? Twenty? The answer is three hundred.

Mere numbers are not always as impressive as figures of another kind, figures of size and bulk. Let us work it out then in another way, by assuming in the first place that your farm is a small one—say ten acres. It has been computed by state ornithologists and other technical experts that during the summer your average bird-population is six insect-eating birds per acre. That means that on your farm you customarily entertain, from spring until autumn, not less than sixty feathered residents. Every one of these sixty is consuming easily one hundred insect pests every twenty-four hours. Exaggerated? Ask the United States Department of Agriculture or any ornithologist. Now we begin to get a hint of figures that look almost astronomical in their enormousness. Six thousand insects a day comes to 180,000 per month. Your bird visitors are with you for about five months, and so, with a final spurt of arithmetic, we see that the seasonal consumption of harmful insects by the birds on your ten-acre farm approximates something like 900,000! The hugeness of this total will perhaps be made more vivid if you reckon it as eight bushel-baskets. Each one of them filled to the brim with the corpses of your insect foes.

The city of New York has never been noted for sentimentality, and its govern-

ment has never been wont to squander money for a mere whim. As I write these lines the hard-headed government of the hardest-boiled city in the east is spending slightly more than \$300 a week for bird-relief. Bird-relief? Yes; every single week during these winter months the city of New York is passing out half a ton of sunflower seeds, white wheat, oats and cracked corn to its hungry and snow-hampered birds. In Bryant Park alone—one block wide and two blocks long—three thousand birds are on the municipal dole. New York does not think it is being extravagant.

Bird-baths and bird-houses for the summer, or suet-containers and crumb-trays for the winter—these things cost but a few dollars. The birds they attract are beyond price.

Homing Pigeons

BESS J. CRARY

THE carrier pigeon gets its name, "homer," from its love of home. When released it flies at once, as fast as it can, and in spite of all handicaps, to the loft which to it is home and where it knows it will be fed and comforted. A pigeon never carries a message except from the point at which it is set free to its home loft.

The birds are believed to guide themselves back through the faculty of "orientation," that is, of sensing direction and the points of compass. Memory and sight also aid. Orientation is very little understood. All animals have it to a greater or less extent. The best explanation of the very high degree of the instinct possessed by pigeons seems to be that the seat of their sense of direction lies in the semi-circular canals of the inner ear, which through their great sensitiveness perhaps enable the bird to receive magnetic and atmospheric impressions. It has been discovered that an injury to the canals destroys the pigeon's sense of direction.

The faculty of orientation in pigeons is not entirely innate, but is greatly developed by training. This consists in taking the birds away from the loft, after some preliminary opportunity has been given for exploration of the country surrounding the home cote, and tossing them up singly to find their way back. The distance at which they are set free is continually and gradually increased. The pigeons are always fed immediately upon their return to the loft, which gives them an incentive to come back at once. The practice flights develop not only the observation and judgment of the birds, but also their muscles. The present homing pigeon, with its ability to fly a mile a minute or even more for a short distance and to cover 500 to 600 miles in a single day, has been developed from the European wild rock or *bizet* pi-

geon, the earlier carrier pigeon possessing little speed or endurance. It takes several generations of careful breeding, scientific diet, and hard and constant training in flying, to produce a bird able to fly 500 miles a day.

The homing pigeon, both in war and in peace, is the court of last resort. When even the radio fails, put a homer on the job and it will deliver safe and with incredible quickness, the S.O.S. message that brings succor. Homers will fly with their communication, tied to their leg in a tiny aluminum case, and deliver it while a radio is being made ready for service. They can be dispatched from an aeroplane or balloon while this is in flight and will continue on their way. They can be released from an aeroplane that is stationary on land or water, whereas the radio apparatus with which airships are equipped in many cases functions only when the machine is moving. In a storm, when a radio is often rendered useless by the static electricity, pigeons invariably carry their messages safely through.

Among the various important uses to which pigeons are put in time of peace are: By aviators and balloonists to send back word when they are forced to land and



THE HOMING PIGEON IN FLIGHT

need assistance, and when there is no telegraph nor telephone station near; by police headquarters to communicate with men on lonely posts; by the motor transport corps when truck trains are sent on long trips; by mining companies to fly between their city offices and their mines in deserts or mountains.

Humane Sunday, April 7, and Be Kind to Animals Week, April 8-13, with Humane Day in Schools, April 12, are being celebrated this month throughout the country. See June issue for reports.

The Damsel Fly

SOLVEIG PAULSON

*I saw a lovely damsel-fly
With shining wings go flying by;
I thought its wings were bits of sky
So blue they shimmered, low and high.*

*In golden sunshine, wings so blue
Can lift the heart right out of you
And make it lilt and flutter, too,
As gracefully as damsels do.*

Our Branch in Chicago

The New President Reports on Activities of Humane Education Society

THE Chicago Humane Education Society, which did such effective work under its late president, Mrs. Charlotte L. Hunt, has been re-organized and is hereafter to be known as the Illinois Branch of the American Humane Education Society. Mrs. E. C. Dow, who succeeded Mrs. Hunt, writes:

The last report of this organization was read by Mrs. Hunt, our loved leader, who died May 29, 1934. Her real monument is the municipal dog pound, but a memorial fountain was dedicated to her memory September 29, in the reception room at the pound.

A report was made to the organization of bull-fights being planned at Riverview Park, commencing June 29. Letters and wires were sent to humane societies throughout the country, and to local officials. Mrs. Julia M. Baldwin did much work on this. The Anti-Cruelty Society became interested, and decided to finance legal proceedings. With Mrs. Baldwin I sat through one performance. The matadors were arrested and, after a continuance, despite strong political pressure, Judge Hasteen, July 11, stated there would be no bull-fighting in Illinois. This was the beginning of an attempt to bring real bull-fights into this country, with 400 Mexican bulls and Sidney Franklin.

The Century of Progress brought much animal exploitation. The Standard Oil so-called wild animal act was bitterly opposed by humane organizations throughout the country, but it went on, even after King was wounded. Permission was obtained for a humane committee of five to visit the ground and concessions at any time. We were not able to eliminate the animal acts, but undoubtedly did better conditions for them. Smith's Diving Ponies, which has been opposed in many cities, was canceled because of the strong protest sent in. Abandoned animals from the concessions are still being picked up.

Conferences have been held with the officers of the Institute of American Meat Packers. It is now stated that humane killing will be installed shortly, due to economic pressure, the captive-bolt, an English device, being adopted for use, and a conveyer system installed for hog slaughter. Protest against the freezing to death of 1,500 lambs in transit—through gross negligence—to Washington has resulted in an investigation to improve methods of transit and prevent a repetition of similar suffering. Some supervision was made at the Chicago Stock-yards during the strike, and letters sent to all Governors of states where drought prevailed, pleading for a humane death for starving cattle.

Mrs. Dorothy Krahl, vice-president of the Chicago Humane Education Society and state chairman for the Illinois Congress of Parents and Teachers, has accomplished fine work in the schools, with a view to lessening youthful crime by the scrapping of dangerous toys. Mrs. Toomim, sponsored by the American Humane Education Society of Boston, is doing equally fine



HUMANE EDUCATION EXHIBIT OF STATE PARENT-TEACHER CONVENTION AT COVINGTON, TENNESSEE

work in the city schools, forming Junior Humane Leagues in every school where she speaks.

Waco Clubs of Many Names

From Miss Kate Friend, secretary of the Texas Humane Society, we learn that down in Waco, Texas, humane clubs among the school children, white and colored, are very active. Under their own adopted names there are the "Pal Club," the "Chum Club," the "Kindness Klub," the "Band of Mercy," the "Bird Lovers," and the "Bird Trailers."

The National Parent-Teacher organization is now stressing the humane education program for children. As their recognition, the local Humane Society of Waco arranged for a series of ten broadcasts. Each week, a fifteen minute program is on the air, presented entirely by the children in the humane education group of its school. Mothers all over the city tune in; teachers open the school radios. The event is of such widespread interest that one father listened from an adjoining state. The humane pledge opens each program. Considerable rivalry has arisen among the schools, so variety has given the public at large a review of what a child's humane group means. As by-product, the local broadcaster says he has discovered material which he will encourage as this promises a profession later in life.

Character is nature in the highest form. It is of no use to ape it, or to contend with it. Men of character are the conscience of the society to which they belong. Character is this moral order seen through the medium of an individual nature. Rectitude is a perpetual victory.

EMERSON

The cattle are very glad of a great tree. They chew the cud beneath it while the sun is burning, and there the panting sheep lie down around their shepherd. VAN DYCK

Tennessee P. T. A. Meeting

WE greatly regret that, in common with several other timely features, the picture on this page was delayed publication because of the pressure on our space by our annual report in recent previous issues. The Parent-Teacher Association of Tennessee is to be congratulated upon such a fine humane educational exhibit as that held during its convention in Covington, November 7 to 9 last. We are glad to present here a fine photograph of it, showing the president and her chairmen of important committees, as follows (reading from right to left): Mrs. George Oldham, Knoxville, president; Mrs. Eldran Rogers, Memphis, legislation; Mrs. Herman Ferger, Chattanooga, budget; Mrs. E. W. Hale, Whitehaven, student loans and scholarships; Mrs. Eugene Crutcher, Nashville, Founders' Day; and Mrs. J. Thomas Haynes, Medon, humane education.

The Tale of Two Cats

Writing to the magazine of the Animal Welfare League, of Victoria (Australia), Maud Walsoe of South Yarra relates this unusual happening:

People say cats have less affection than dogs and that they are attached to places rather than to people. I have not found it so. When I was packing to go to England my two cats, "Pongo" and "Santiago de Cuba," seemed to know that more than a mere trip to Melbourne was in the air. They each chose a cabin trunk and got into it, and each time they were lifted out they watched their chance and got in again. When I had gone both cats disappeared. My mother thought they must be dead, and did not tell me for fear of grieving me. But the day I returned, after a year's absence, they were both there waiting on the front doorstep to greet me as I drove up.

The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President

GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary

E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected, special Band of Mercy literature and a gilt badge for the president.

See inside front cover for prices of literature and Band of Mercy supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Five hundred and thirty-five new Bands of Mercy were reported during February. Of these 109 were in Georgia, 108 in Massachusetts, 81 in Texas, 55 in Virginia, 48 in New Hampshire, 39 in Florida, 35 in Louisiana, 34 in South Carolina, six each in Illinois and Tennessee, five each in Lebanon and Pennsylvania, and one each in Indiana, Minnesota, Missouri and Transjordan.

Total number of Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 208,186.

Monkey's Loyalty to Master

S. B. BANERJEA

Editor's Note:—This sensational story is vouched for by the author, the former editor of *The Calcutta University Magazine*.

AN Indian gypsy had trained two monkeys, whose feats ranged from love-making, courtship, and marriage to dances. They supported him and his wife.

The other day, when the gypsy was returning home after exhibiting his pet animals' feats in a distant Bengal village, he was waylaid and killed by two men, who robbed him of all money on his person. In fear of detection, they dragged the corpse to a lonely place and buried it there.

The monkeys had tried their best to save their master, but had been kept at bay by the murderers' knives. The monkeys got up on a tree and witnessed the tragedy. At the same time they carefully looked at the murderers' faces. After the latter had departed, the animals got down, secured a bamboo, and marked the spot where their master had been buried. They then hastened to their mistress and began to utter mournful cries. She was then dragged to the spot where the corpse was buried. She ran to inform the police and had the body exhumed.

Before the police, the monkeys described by gestures, postures, facial expressions, etc., imitating human acts, how their master had been killed by two men armed with knives. They even pointed out three of their fingers to show that he had been robbed of three rupees!

The monkeys had followed the murderers to their huts. The police followed them there. When the creatures saw the murderers, they set upon them and tore their clothes, etc. The police were satisfied and arrested the men, who corresponded to the description given by the monkeys. They confessed their guilt.

Here is an authentic case of animal loyalty to man, which gives much food for thought.

To a Baby Chick

RENA M. MANNING

*Animated wisp of fluff
Daring all the world
To behold a miracle
An egg-shell has unfurled!*

*Exquisite as any blossom,
Wings like fairy petals,
Stepping on two golden stems
Through a world of nettles.*

*Yellow stamen for a beak,
Shining seeds for eyes,
Seeking apprehensive bugs
Through the leaves' disguise.*

*Little snuggler, in my hand
Peep your lullaby;
Slumber like a folded flower,
Softer than a sigh.*

*But no blossom ever owned
Any shining part
Like your elfin pendulum:
Trembling baby heart!*

Little Strangers

NORMAN C. SCHLICHTER

WONDER if any reader has ever seen babies like those pictured here. There are very few, if any, in all our big country.

These little fellows live on a farm near Wilmington, Delaware, but their home land is a long, long way off. Their father and mother were brought from there when they were about as old as these little strangers.

You notice that they are very fat and that their fur is very thick and deep. Perhaps this will help you to guess from what part of the world such animals come.

If you lived in a hot country you would want a very thin coat, but if you lived in a cold land you would want a good warm one. Well, these babies' thick fur coats are suited to a cold land, faraway Greenland, which is the land where animals like these live. The winters there last six months and more, and during that long time there is hardly any sunshine.

If you look closely at the picture you will see little horns sprouting out. They will grow quite long, but won't look so long because they will be deeply curved. And they will be very sharp, too. This is a fine thing for up there in Greenland the wolves are very bad and there are wild dogs, too. When they get hungry they attack other animals.

If these little fellows were at home with their parents in Greenland and the hungry wolves should come, the wise older beasts would make a circle with others of the herd, or group which live together. Such groups number from four to twenty. They would stand with heads to the outside of the circle and their babies would be in the middle of it. With their sharp horns they would keep the wolves away, and if one came too close it would likely be killed.

In summer there are many grasses and good-tasting plants of various kinds for these big animals—they get about as big as our buffaloes—to eat. As summer



TAME MUSK-OX BABIES

comes to an end these grasses dry on their stalks and then their taste gets better. When the big snows cover the land and remain all winter long, with their hoofs and their sharp horns the animals dig down through the snow and ice until they find these good things to eat. But when bad blizzards come—the worst in all the world, travelers tell us—which last as long as two weeks sometimes, then these animals must seek shelter and cannot dig out in the open for their grassy foods.

Guess what they do then. Why, they just wait and wait and don't eat. That's why they grow so fat. Their fat will keep them from getting hungry for a long time.

But I forgot that I haven't yet told you the name of these fine little fellows in the picture. They are musk-ox babies and are as tame as your pet dog. The photograph is used through the courtesy of Mr. R. R. Carpenter, Wilmington, Delaware, owner of the animals.

Prize Contest in Windsor

A unique humane education speaking contest took place February 3rd, at Trinity Church, Windsor, Conn., Rev. D. H. Dorchester, pastor. Three pupils in the sixth grade, using memorized poems taken from books, competed for one prize, four pupils in the seventh grade competed for one prize, with original essays, and six pupils in the eighth grade competed for two prizes with original essays. The decision of the judges was based on: voice, 25; poise, 25; material, 25; and general effectiveness, 25. The speaking was interspersed with singing and violin solos.

Portland Pupils to Write

One thousand pupils in the Portland, Maine, Grammar schools are to celebrate the Be Kind to Animals Anniversary this year by writing original stories on the subject, Kindness Brings Happiness. Some of these stories are to be included in Junior Red Cross portfolios and sent to children in foreign countries, others are to be distributed in rural schools in the United States.



The Dog of Pompeii

MARGARET SOUTHDARD

*There was, my dear, in ages past a land across the sea,
A honeyed land, a sunny land, this ancient Italy,
And near a mountain fair and wide—or so the stories say—
There lived a little boy like you who nestles here today.*

*This little boy like you, my dear, would love to shout and play.
He had a dog like Rover here who guarded him each day,
And from his collar hung a plaque and carved on it in gold,
"Three times he saved his master's life!"—a tale too briefly told.*

*A happy people, happy land, no sorrow, want, nor care;
And none there were who heard the fate that trembled in the air
Till one bright day, when all was still and sunlight flecked the road,
The hilltop shook and high above the fire-stream overflowed!*

*The sky was black and thick and hot and rumblings shook the land;
The village folk, unknowing yet, rushed out on every hand;
A dreadful roaring rose on high, all light was gone from day,
And disappeared forever then the city of Pompeii!*

*I say forever; ages passed before it came to light.
They cleared the mud away and there, the first sad trace in sight,
The little boy beside his dog, locked in unending sleep.
"Three times he saved his master's life!"—the last he could not keep.*

Making Friends with Chipmunks

P. A. FRALEIGH

THE chipmunk is one of our wild animals which responds readily to kindness. People who live near woods in localities inhabited by chipmunks, or who spend their vacations in such places, may find much pleasure in teaching the little animals not to fear them, and to take food from their hands.

Offering the kind of food which they may store for winter will greatly benefit the chipmunks. Among such foods are all sorts of nuts, prune pits, cherry stones, and especially sunflower seeds. A little time and patience are all that is needed to change a wild chipmunk into a most satisfactory pet.

They live in holes in the ground, in which they store their winter's supplies. They are active from the first warm days of spring until late fall, and because they have permanent homes, they remain in one place for several years. Thus there is no need to confine the little fellows in any way if you wish to make pets of them, for if they live near you, and you are kind, they will not move away, but are more certain to stay because you make it easy for them to get food.

When a chipmunk once learns that you are his friend, he will come when you call, eat from your hands, search your pockets, and be at home about your camp or house, inside or out. The animals are gentle creatures, shy of course, as all wild things are, and so pert and frisky in their brown coats with dark stripes, that it is a joy to watch them.

The writer camped each summer for a number of years in a spot where chipmunks were quite abundant. Three or four



"ONE LEARNED TO COME WHEN CALLED"

became very tame, and one in particular learned to come when called, and actually seemed to remember her human friends.

It is well to offer very small amounts of perishable foods such as bread, jelly, cake and chocolate. The animal will store these foods, but such stores will spoil. It is better to provide only as much of these things as the creatures will eat upon the spot, and to furnish plenty of non-perishable foods to fill the storehouse for winter.

The animals hibernate during the coldest weather, and perhaps eat a little of their food supply then. Their stores become more valuable to them early in the spring when there is very little food to be found outside their homes.

We know of no wild animal which can be more easily tamed, while leaving it free in its natural haunts, than can this little striped chipmunk.

The Largest Animal in the World

IVY J. NEFF

AN inhabitant of the sea, but not a fish, the whale is the largest animal in the world today. It is a mammal and its two paddles contain all the bones, joints, and most of the muscles of the human arm. It can remain under water for some time but cannot breathe there, and "blows off" when it reaches the surface.

One species or another inhabits every ocean. The different species vary greatly in length, some being but ten to twelve feet long, while at least one species, the Southern finback, reaches a length of over one hundred feet with an estimated weight of seventy tons! The huge bowhead, or right whale, is a circumpolar species. In summer it is found about the Arctic ice pack but with the coming of winter it migrates to more southerly waters.

For many centuries this huge mammal has formed the basis for the whaling industry and so the world owes a huge debt to the great bowhead and his relatives, for their contribution to the "midnight oil." For centuries the whale has been hunted, probably as long as any animal on earth, so it is not unexpected if the whale is becoming increasingly rare.

Strange Pets of a Lightship Crew

ETHEL ROMIG FULLER

A UNIQUE humane story was told me recently by Capt. Jacob Neilsen, master of the lightship, Columbia, the floating beacon of Astoria harbor, stationed off the dangerous shifting bar where the Columbia river pours into the Pacific.

"Life on a lightship during calm weather is deadly monotonous," the veteran skipper related. "A crew of 13 active men confined to the restricted limits of a lightship—a no more lonely position can be imagined—is hard put to it to fill its time. Indeed every year, one or more of my men actually break down under the strain. So any least happening out of the uncommon is a diversion.

"One day this past fall, I happened to observe four sea ducks—hell-divers, they are called hereabouts: Big black birds as large as gulls with stout curved beaks—floating, in what appeared to be a helpless condition, off the port side of the ship. I called the attention of some of the crew to the strange behavior of the divers, and their interest and curiosity were aroused at once.

"You see," the Captain elucidated, "a hell-diver is an extremely active bird. It flies, normally, low and swiftly just over the tops of the breakers in the wake of a school of small fish, where it dives continually and tirelessly, headlong, hour after hour.

"There was something tragically wrong with these four birds. They simply drifted with the tide, making no effort whatever to fly or dive. Soon all hands were gathered at the port rail with a net rigged at the end of a long pole. One by one the screaming, protesting birds were lifted on board. They pecked at the hands which reached for them in mercy till their sharp beaks drew blood.

"It was easy to see what had befallen the big fellows—their glossy plumage was clogged with sticky, tarry bilge thrown out from some oil burning freighter. Probably they had come up to the surface of the bay under the foul stuff. At any rate, it had rendered them utterly helpless, as they neither could clean it off and replenish their feathers with the natural oil which protects them from the cold water and wind; nor could they fly an inch. So they were slowly but surely freezing and starving to death—a fate befalling thousands of sea fowl these days in our harbors.

"The crew thoroughly cleaned the struggling quartet with kerosene. Then the captives were put in the fiddle to dry off and get warm.

"The next problem was food—what should they feed them? Hell-divers live on fish. Fortunately for the ducks, we had a box of fresh smelt aboard. Naturally they weren't alive, but they would do in a case of emergency like this. Giving up the smelt was an act of genuine sacrifice on the part of the crew, for the fish were delicacies used to vary the routine bill-of-fare. However to a man, they voted to feed them to their new pets.

"How gratefully those starving divers gulped down the smelt! For several days, while getting back their strength, they made no effort to leave the light. We gave them the run of the deck. They became as tame as chickens. As they grew stronger, they began to make short forays, away from the ship, their expeditions increasing in length till they were gone all day. But for two weeks toward dark, we could sight them returning to roost in the rigging, where they stayed till morning.

"One evening, after a 60-mile gale, they failed to come back. No doubt they had lost their bearings in the storm. The crew mourned a long time for their pets.

"Don't let any one," the Captain concluded, "tell you sailors are a hard-boiled lot. Under their rough exteriors beat the softest hearts in the world."



PETS OF L. J. PESCH, PUBLISHER OF "THE NEW PESHTIGO (WISCONSIN) TIMES"

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to The American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

IN THE EDITOR'S LIBRARY

THE MERRY HUNT AND OTHER POEMS, Stanton A. Coblenz.

It is especially because of the title poem that this book receives notice here. In it Mr. Coblenz very realistically makes the "merry hunter" atone "For a life of blood and shame." The other poems, excepting "Grasshopper," "Humming-birds," and "Insects," relate to a variety of subjects not particularly connected with animal life. There are songs of the sea and the woods, poems of modern life and the city, lyrics of personal emotion, etc., many having been originally published in numerous prominent periodicals.

96 pp. \$2. Bruce Humphries, Inc. Boston.

THE WONDERLAND OF NATURE, Harper Cory.

This is a series of four books, averaging about 135 pages each, forming a progressive course in general science, the weather, animal, bird and plant life. The English author acknowledges his indebtedness to his American Red Indian friends for much of his knowledge of nature. The type is large, there are many interesting illustrations, some in color, and exercises are provided suitable for town and country schools alike. Teachers of grammar grades will do well to send for a set of these books, bound in linen, with attractive animal design on the covers. They are sold for about 40 cents each. We refer all interested to the publishers, The Grant Educational Co., Ltd., 3 Eagle Street, Southampton Row, W. C. 1, London, England.

In a conspicuous feature editorial in the "Sun," Lawrence, Mass., on March 3, 1935, it is stated:

All animals, under the Massachusetts laws, must be fed and fed properly, and the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals have a reputation of being on their toes at all times, in looking after the welfare of all animals.

Thank you, Mr. "Sun" Editor.

Our Dumb Animals

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TERMS

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All dollar subscriptions sent direct to the office entitle the sender to membership in either of our two Societies.

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